

A Dragon Becomes Brave

by TheHappyFan

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Summary: Hiccup flees Berk after telling his father about Toothless. Nobody understands him. Merida has to marry a son of one of the lords. Nobody can understand her desire for freedom. Will these two heroes finally have someone to understand them? Will fix summary. Eventual Mericup.

1. Chapter 1

Hey everybody! I'm alive! :) Anyways, I've been busy and have lost inspiration for some of my stories... But I've scrolled through the HTTYD archive and seen lots of similar themes: "What if Hiccup had actually left Berk?", "What if Hiccup killed Toothless?", etc. But I haven't seen a "What if Hiccup told his dad the truth when he thought he was cornered?," so here's my take on it. BTW, if you see any stories with the same what if as this one, please let me know: I'd like to see others takes on it. And yes, this is a Brave crossover, so Merida will appear... Eventually. Possibly next chapter. Or maybe not. Anyways, enjoy the story. :)

"So, let's talk about that dragon."

"Oh gods, Dad I'm so sorry, uh, I-I-I was going to tell you, I just didn't know how to tell you that I-I-I..." Hiccup stuttered as he looked up at his father's drunken look, "... Befriended... a Night Fury..." Stoick froze up as soon as those words left his son's mouth.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA! Good one son! You almost had me there! HAHAHA!" Stoick chortled as his oversized gut flopped around.

"Uh, dad, I'm not kidding here!"

"Stop joking around son!"

Hiccup gave a heavy sigh as he tiredly tugged at his hair, eyes cast to the ground. He knew that if he didn't come clean now, then he never would.

"Actually, dad, I'm not. And I have proof." He mustered up every last ounce of courage he had, hoping that he would run out of it before this entire incident was over. "These are the pictures I drew of him," he squeaked out as he presents them, "and - Dad! DAD!"

Stoick was shaking in anger, a storm visible in his eyes.

"SON! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND! I'LL KILL THE GODS FORSAKEN DEVIL AND-"

"NO dad! He's-"

"He's a devil, that's what he is!" He then paused as he choked out, "They took your mother... And now they've brainwashed you! I'll kill him and reverse whatever they did to you! I'll-"

"Dad! No one has been brainwashed! You would seriously blame Toothless for what other dragons have-"

"You... NAMED THE ABOMINATION! This is a trick from Loki! What have you done?!"

"What have I done?! WHAT HAVE I DONE?!"

"You BETRAYED ME! YOU BETRAYED BERK!"

When Stoick said the word "betrayed," he struck a nerve deep within Hiccup. How had he betrayed them when all they did was hurt him? A fire exploded in him that he had never felt before: a deep burning anger strong enough to go against his own father.

"BETRAYED YOU?! BETRAYED BERK?! HOW CAN I 'BETRAY' YOU PEOPLE WHEN YOU WERE NEVER THERE FOR ME?!" By this point, Hiccup's face was red, his eyes held a fire they never had before, and a vein was showing in his chin. He had to choke the next words out, as they brought up painful memories. "Where were you... when all the other kids beat me until I was covered in bruises? Or when they decided I was the only suitable dummy for them to practice sword fighting with? Where were you... when I needed help dealing with girls? Where were you... when every villager looked at me with disgust... telling me that... that... their lives... their lives would be... be better... if I... if I was... was d-dead? Where... Where were you... when... when the other kids told me... told me that... that... M-mom... Mom only l-left... b-because... because she hated me? You always added to the pain... You voiced every thought to me... I wasn't the son you wanted... You even beat me up in public to get your point across!" By now, Hiccup was panting raggedly and gripping the desk as a few stray tears ran down both men's cheeks. He then looked up and spat venomously, "So answer this for me: how did I betray any of you, _Stoick?_"

Hiccup had just unknowingly wrenched Stoick's heart out of his chest. Stoick had always wanted his son to be a great Viking. What he hadn't realized for all of those years is that he had helped make his son miserable. As Hiccup spoke each word, he realized the Hiccup was right: he had never been there for him, never knowing what was truly

going on with him... And how dare they make fun of his mother! Now he knew that that the situation needed to be handled grace...

One of the things he always sucked at.

And delicacy...

Another thing he always sucked at.

"Hiccup..." he choked out... "I-I'm... so... I'm so sorry..."

The silence was deafening as Hiccup's face grew redder and redder...

"SORRY?! REALLY?! THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN COME UP WITH?! SCREW THIS, I'M OUT OF HERE!" Hiccup raggedly spat as he turned and stomped towards the door. "Oh and one more thing, _Stoick_," he shakily hissed as he tossed a notebook to his father, "_that_, is a _glimpse_ into the _torture_ you inflicted upon me, and why I'm _never_ coming back." And with that, he muttered something about "loser Vikings" as he grabbed the basket of supplies he always kept packed for the day he got banished. He knew that he had to hurry before the Vikings killed him or Toothless. He quietly sprinted to the cove and softly called, "Come on bud, let's get out of here. You and me are taking a little vacation, forever." Then he hopped on Toothless and flew off into the night sky, having no clue where he was going to go.

Back in the forge, Stoick grieved over his lost son. Though he wanted to believe otherwise, he knew that Hiccup hadn't been brainwashed by the Night Fury: Hiccup truly befriended the dragon, believing that he had no one else to care for him. What was worse was that Hiccup never had a reason to believe otherwise, and that it was mostly true. For the first time since recovering from Valka's death, Stoick the Vast bawled, his cries echoing into the night.

****Alright guys! What did you think of it? Please review! :D****

2. Journal Entries

Journal Entries

August 16, 1014

The gods hate me. That's the only possible explanation for how my life got here. Both Fishlegs and Astrid told me that I disgust them. I really like Astrid and I ended up crying when she ditched me. In response, she gave me a black eye and a split lip. Now all five of the kids use me as a punching bag. I hate it: not everyone has a desire to disfigure their bodies. I tried to tell my dad, but he wouldn't even to me: he just somehow ignored the fact that I'm covered in cuts and bruises.

August 16, 1017

_The kids have been making my life Hell again: three years ago they started beating me black and blue, and then two years ago they started using me as a dummy to practice their skills with a blade on. Now they say that Mommy left because she hated me: after all, I am just a useless screw-up. I'll show them that they're wrong. I'll be

the first to kill a Night Fury.
>

February 9, 1019

I know that I'm not a typical Viking: I never have been. But I don't get why everybody hates me for it. Today, I tried a new contraption to capture a dragon: an axe-thrower. Admittedly, there are some issues, but they can be fixed! Unfortunately, a dragon destroyed the pole I was hiding behind, and by default I was blamed. After my dad stormed away muttering about something, I heard villagers whisper things such as "That boy is useless! How is he the son of our great chief, Stoick the Vast?" and "That runt should do the village a favor and die." At least no one gave me any scars today. One day I'll prove that I'm not useless.

October 24, 1021

It's official: everybody except for Gobber hates me. I improved my axe thrower, finally. Unfortunately, a Monstrous Nightmare burned down a house near me, so I was automatically blamed for it. When dad asked me why I couldn't be a normal Viking, I told him that I have a different way of doing things. For some reason, he turned red in the face, started screaming at me, and dragged me to Punishment Square.* He then locked me in stocks and then beat me until I was crying and screaming as a whole crowd gathered to watch. I know it's been done to people before, but I never thought my own dad would do it to me. If I didn't know any better, I'd say he hit me with his war hammer. It's been over a week, but I still can't sit down without feeling a throbbing pain in my rear. Maybe if I can prove that I'm not useless, then dad might love me again.

July 10, 1023

Today, something happened. There was an ordinary raid, and as usual, I was blamed for what the dragons did. But I shot down a Night Fury! I tried to tell dad and the villagers to get a search party out to Raven's Point, but nobody believed me. Dad had Gobber send me home, but that doesn't mean I stayed. Heck, there are at least ten ways out of the house that I bet my dad doesn't even know about. Anyways, I found the Night Fury and was going to cut its heart out in an attempt to please Dad- funny thing was, I couldn't. I looked into my eyes and saw myself. So, being me, I set the dragon free. It pounced me and stared at me for a long time, but it eventually flew off. And of course my dad is putting me in dragon training. I don't know what to think...

July 11, 1023

_Wow. Today in dragon training, a dragon almost got me. Gobber told me dragons always go for the kill. So I wondered why. I found where the Night Fury was and saw that it couldn't fly. It was missing a tailfin. Anyways, I decided to look up the Night Fury in the Book of Dragons. There is almost nothing on him! I think I might go back tomorrow.

>

July 12, 1023

_I decided to go and see the Night Fury today. Turns out he hates

weapons: he made me throw my dagger in the lake. He also has retractable teeth, so I nicknamed him "Toothless." I spent the day with him. He even let me touch his nose. Then Gobber said at dinner that a downed dragon is a dead dragon. So I'm going to do something crazy: build him a prosthetic fin.

>

July 13, 1023

_Today I brought Toothless breakfast. Turns out he hates eels. Anyways, I put the prosthetic on, but he flew off. We ended up crashing, but it was so fun! I used the eel trick in dragon training today. The Zippleback didn't like it either. I'm definitely going to see Toothless tomorrow.

>

_July 29, 1023

>

_These last couple of weeks have been amazing. I've been going on practice flights with Toothless and learned more about dragons. I've used this to make it through dragon training. My new "fans" have been swarming me, giving me an excuse to escape. I know that if they knew the truth, they'd hate me: well, more than they already do. But on a better note, I just had my first real flight with Toothless today! Although I almost crashed to the ground... I lost my cheat sheet for the fin for a second. Well, I said "stop," so Toothless did. But my harness came unbuckled and I flew out of the saddle. I free fell for a while, but I was able to get into the saddle at the last second. Then we weaved through sea stacks. It was amazing!

>

'Oh Thor Almighty,' Stoick thought as he attempted to process everything he had just read. First he found out that his son was abused by the rest of the kids. Even the adults did it! Then he found out that his son was hurt by well, everything he'd done to him. Then he found out that his son was telling the truth about the Night Fury and was going to kill it to make him proud. Then he found out that his son had saved the dragon and befriended it. Heck, Hiccup probably spent more time with the dragon than in the village! On top of that, his son had just learned to fly on the dragon that day - and had a faulty flight - and had just fled the town on said dragon. He was most likely in mortal danger by now, all because Berk never accepted him. 'What have we done?'

* * *

><p>Woohoo! All right people, how did you like it? I tried not to rush it. ;) Thanks for the good feedback! Also, if you haven't seen Disney's Sleeping Beauty, the you're going to want to... I'm going to incorporate it later, after Merida appears, of course. I think she should come onto the scene next chapter. Good day, and remember,
**

REVIEW! :)

3. Where to Go

Hiccup couldn't believe what he had just done. He had finally told

Stoick what he had felt for years. He felt a new sense of freedom: he didn't have to constantly put up with being the runt. Maybe he could finally live with people who understood the plight of the likes of him. For once, he felt in control of his own destiny as he landed on a small island. He pulled out a piece of wood and had Toothless light it. He then curled under his wings and drifted off to sleep.

* * *

><p>Gobber the Belch may not have been the sharpest knife in the drawer, but he was not as foolish as one may have believed. So when he heard the wailing from Stoick, he knew that something was terribly off. Even when Valka died, his wailing had not been this severe. He could only pray to the Gods that nothing too terrible had happened.<p>

* * *

><p>Come early morning, Gobber dragged himself to the Stoick's house, praying that Hiccup was there in one piece. So he was genuinely concerned when he found that he was not there. He then checked Hiccup's roo,, but he could never imagined what he saw next.<p>

Stoick had never looked so disheveled: his helmet was crooked, his hair and beard were gnarled, and tears streamed down his face.

"Stoick?"

Silence.

"What happened?" Gobber ventured as half of his monobrow wandered up his head.

"Hiccup... ran off."

"What?!"

"That's not the worst part... On Night Fury... The very one he shot down..."

"Stoick, that's crazy!" Gobber raggedly whispered as his eyes grew to the size of saucers.

"We drove him away, Gobber," Stoick continued as he ignored Gobber. "I have to find him."

"What?! How?!"

"I sent a letter by carrier pigeon to some important allies of ours. They should have it in a day or two."

* * *

><p>"Well good morning, Mr. Bossy," said Hiccup as Toothless nudged him awake. "Want some breakfast?" He then pulled some raw fish out for Toothless and cooked his own fish. The two ate their breakfast as silence loomed over them. "Oh, crap," lamented Hiccup. "Where are we gonna go? Oh crap, where are we-" Toothless cut him off as he slapped

Hiccup with his tailfin. Toothless warbled and straightened up in response. "Seriously bud, where on this map?" He laughed. Toothless then whacked his nose against a large island. "DunBroch? Nice choice, bud. I actually know a girl there who might help me..."<p>

* * *

><p>"No, no, NO!" Merida screamed as she slammed the door to her room. How could her mother just... just sell her off into marriage? She unsheathed her sword and swung at her bedpost pretending it was those gammy lords, not caring if her fiery mane tangled as it cascaded down her back. She finally looked up and let her sword clatter to the floor as she stared in disbelief at what she saw.<p>

Yep, folks, I'm ending it here. I wanted to write a longer chapter, but I couldn't. I've been taking a summer course at my new school and just finished it yesterday. And to top it off, I had my first day of high school today. I'm a freshman... Don't judge my pathetic story writing skills! I'm actually in mostly honors classes. We have a TON of homework, so I probably won't update for a while... But this is NOT discontinued. It just might be Christmas before I update. Wish me luck at my new school! And as a good luck present,

REVIEW PLEASE!

End
file.